

October 24, 2018

Honorable Donald M. Middlebrooks  
United States District Court Judge  
701 Clematis Street  
West Palm Beach, Florida 33401

Your Honor.

Thank you for taking the time to read this letter, written on behalf of my son, Justin M. Wayne. I hope that it gives you some insight into his character and background.

We were very blessed to have a child who was simply born "good". Although there were times when he had to be disciplined, I cannot recall many. I just had to raise my voice and tears would be in his eyes. He never wanted to disappoint. While there were spats with his brothers (to which I was usually not privy) Justin was always self-disciplined beyond his years, compassionate, considerate and respectful to all. Justin completed his tasks without ever having to remind him to do so and was the only one who accompanied his mother in the kitchen (while classical music was playing) to help me cook and make the chore enjoyable. His brothers called him "Goofy" and at times he was.

Justin's teachers always gave him high praise and appreciated having him in their class. The same could be said regarding our neighbors, our friends and his friends' parents. I recall an incident – it was a school holiday, his parents were at work, his brother asked him to join him and his friends to go to the beach. Not surprisingly Justin replied that he wanted to stay home to do his homework and that is what he did. In music class Justin did not get to play the instrument he wanted. Striving to do well, he practiced and played it throughout the semester and thereafter never played another instrument. In school Justin selected German as a foreign language – much to his regret. He chose German because his paternal grandmother was from Germany and I believe he wanted to please her and his father. Let's just say he did not have an aptitude for foreign language and did not do well, something he was not used to.

Justin played AYSO soccer for many years. He was the consummate team player. He usually played center position allowing him to control and pass the ball. While there were many opportunities to "hog" the ball and try for a goal, Justin would pass the ball and allow his teammates to take the goal shot. He never had a need to be the hero. Years later Justin and I attended a dinner with many unfamiliar adults. One mother expressed her concern for her daughter who played goalie position and worried that her daughter felt like she was always letting her teammates down. Justin was quick to point out to all of us that if the opponent team was able to get the ball that close to the goal area it was her teammates who had not done their job. I wondered why the rest of us had not thought of this. It certainly gave the mother a new perspective.

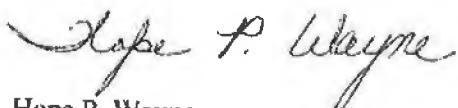
Justin has continuously held himself up to very high moral standards (ironic under his current situation). In high school he had to balance the mental and emotional attitudes to

the tasks expected of him. While always a good student, he was also a fine athlete and he struggled to fit in with his "jock" friends whose morals were not always up to his self-imposed high standards. He and I had long discussions regarding friends and acquaintances. I compared them to the journey of life. Some people take the express train and get off, some take the local train and others do not get off at any of the stops—they stay with you for life. You must accept and enjoy each friendship for what it is. The point being: never expect others to live up to your expectations or you will be very lonely.

Today Justin is still the same person described above: generous of time and affection, thoughtful, caring, and always there for anyone in need. He dotes on his parents as if we were children. In fact, when we leave his home at night he requests that we call him to let him know we arrived home safely. Not once has he talked about his impending imprisonment as it concerns himself. He is a very attentive husband and father to his 2 very young children and only worries about them and the status of his marriage.

Again, I thank you for the time you have taken to read this letter.

Respectfully submitted,



Hope P. Wayne